

Bloodlust

by Let my dragons roar

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Summary: Serial killer!AU. He knew what he was doing, he knew what was at risk, but he didn't care; the rush of seeing blood pour out of his victim, watching as the light in their eyes, which once held some much pain and terror, vanished as they grew still, listening as they pleas and attempts replaced with silence *Image and AU not mine*

Please R&R WARNING: Blood/Gore/Death

1. Chapter 1

He knew what he was doing, he knew what was at risk, but he didn't care; the rush of seeing blood pour out of his victim, watching as the light in their eyes, which once held some much pain and terror, vanished as they grew still, listening as they pleas and attempts replaced with silence; it gave him such a rush, so he kept doing it: he kept going out to bars and clue, he kept finding new people that would later become his next victim, he kept killing them.

He hadn't plan on doing this, of course, for who decides to start seducing people only to kill them later on? But when they said those words, those three little words that hold more power than they should, something inside him with click, and his desire of blood resurfaced, growing stronger and stronger until he finally let the blood lust control him.

No, he hadn't planned on this, but Hiccup knew himself to well to know that he wouldn't stop anytime soon.

Hiccup walked out of his apartment building, hands in pockets, scarf around his neck tightly as the wind grew bitter; He was on he was to buy some more cleaning supplies after haven flown off the handle and made his apartment a huge, bloody mess after his partner had decided to utter those three words. Hiccup needed to get what he wanted, and quickly, the image of his apartment continued to stick to the back of his mind as the events of last night ring in his ears, causing him to not pay attention to where he was going.

Hiccup felt something hit him with some force, making him stumble and fall back; He would have just apologized at the person who ran into him, climbed back onto his feet and walked off, head down and not looking back, but the person beat him to it.

"Oh, sorry, I wasn't looking where I was going" The man in front of him flashed an apologetic smile and offered a pale hand towards him "Are you okay?"

Taking the other male's hand in his own, Hiccup nodded and returned the smile as he helped him up "I'm fine, sorry about...you know, I didn't see you"

"That's fine" He grinned, showing his white pearls of teeth towards Hiccup; there was something about this man that interested Hiccup, either by the fact that it was clearly Hiccup's fault for walking into him, or maybe it's was his wide smile on this cold, grey morning or the fact that his hair was unusually white, most likely bleached.

"I'm Jack" The white haired man introduced himself, sticking his hand out again at Hiccup "and you are?"

"Hiccup" The brunette said, shaking his hand and felt a chill run along his spine '_Why was this guy so cold?_'

Jack returned his hand back into his hoodie pocket and chuckled lightly "Hiccup? That's a cool name"

Hiccup retaliated with a shrug "Try telling my high school bullies that"

The taller man chuckled again and flashed Hiccup one last smile, kicking at the ground lightly as he tilted his head, staring down at the other "Well it's nice meeting you Hiccup, sorry about running into you"

As he walked away, Hiccup turned his head and watched, mildly surprised, to see the man named Jack slip into his apartment building, catching Jack's blue eyes on him before he disappeared inside. _Did he just move in? Or have I've been so blind he was there all along and I just haven't noticed? _

A sigh passed his as the wind began to pick up, Hiccup pushed the thoughts out of his head and shoved his hands back into his pockets _There's not time thinking about him, I have to clean the apartment before it starts to smell._

With that last thought, Hiccup turned back around and headed towards the store quickly.

So I was on the Hijack tag on Tumblr and there's a new AU (I love Hijack AUs okay) where Hiccup's a serial killer and someone made a post about Hiccup killing people after they say 'I love you' and I just love the idea so much I had to write it

So yeah, the AU is not my it's JibblyUniverse.

**The plot (most of it anyways) is not mine, it was inspired by

virgo-vixen.**

And of course the movies are not mine.

I want to know if you want me to continue it cause I need to get back into writing but my life's have gotten a bit shit and I've lost ideas/inspiration so please review if you liked it and I'll continue :3

Thanks guys~

~LMDR

2. Chapter 2

WARNING: BLOOD, GORE, DEATH AND SMALL DETAILS OF TORTURE, BUT NOTHING TO HORRIFYINGLY GRAPHIC

On his hands and knees, Hiccup aggressively scrubbed to floor in front of him, cool water mixing with dried blood, making the water turn a pale red as it sloshed around on the floor. Hiccup stopped, breathed out, and sat back onto his knees, looking down at his now bloodless floor with a proud smile before standing up, pulling off his rubber gloves.

This had become his normal schedule after he got his fill; Change clothes, get rid of the body, clean clothes, and then clean the apartment. It was simple.

Now that Hiccup could tick off the last item of his list, he wiped the floor dry before packing his supplies away, neatly placing all the bottles, strays and brushes back into their place before closing and locking the door and pushing the key into his pocket.

Hiccup lifted his arm and rolled his sleeve up, checking his watch, the bright red numbers glowing 11:36am over the white background. He sighed and dropped his hand, his boredom growing as he glanced around his spotless apartment aimlessly before walking towards his bedroom and collapsing on the bed, a grunt escaping past his lips and he fell back.

Staring up at his ceiling, eyes half closed as he played last night in his head like a video, every picture, sound, smell seemed so real as he let his eyes close. That woman, the woman whose name was far too long, had come over, just like the night before; they had gone out, had dinner at an unnecessarily expensive place.

She laughed, joked and smiled around Hiccup, just like she had done throughout the 1 and a half months they were dating; Hiccup liked her, he knew they shared interest, loves and passions, so Hiccup deemed her close to perfect. Hiccup had paid for both their meals, much to her joy, before taking a walk back to his apartment. Hiccup was joying himself too, for the woman was treated him kindly, complemented him, and seemed to care about him, something that he wanted deeply.

But when they had reached his apartment door, right as he pushed his key into the hole, she had chosen to utter those words, the words Hiccup knew all too well.

"I love you"

It was her chose, she had decided to trust him, and decided she wanted to be with him; Hiccup invited her inside with a sweet smile, following her in and locking it behind him before his need for blood, his need to see his loved one suffer, to hear then beg for mercy as he stared down at them with deaf ears, took over.

He was fast, like always, swinging around and pushed her hand onto the floor before grabbing her head and tilted it upwards, swinging his fist low towards her jaw and knocking her out before she could even cry out for help.

Hiccup gagged her; shoving a clean piece of clothing into her mouth to the point her jaw could only shut half way before wrapping thick tape around her mouth before dragging her body to his kitchen. She was wide away when he started, ears budging out if their sockets as he dragged the sharp blade point along her skin, watching as the blood flowed out of her beautifully, listening to her muffled pleas as the red stained her skin.

He had his fun, he saw her blood, heard her whines and cries, watch her squirm before she stilled; Hiccup knew she was close, he knew she was on the brink of dying, so he did what he always did.

Slowly peeling the tape off her mouth and pulling the damp, blood-spattered cloth out her mouth; Hiccup sat atop of her, legs resting of either side of her waist as he stared down into her eyes, now dulled and wet, and smiled "I-i'm sorry"

"I'm sorry b-but I had to" he brushed strands of gold out of her face
"I'm s-sorry"

"But" he paused, his terrifying calm smile dropping slightly as he stared down at her, bloodstained finger tips trembling as the hovered above her neck "I'm sorry I'm not sorry"

His voice changed from the calming, sweet sound to an angry snarl, eyes narrowing before he brought up his other hand, bloody knife shining as he held it above his head before bringing it down, slicing the fresh in to easily and quickly.

She gasped, gurgled, then grew silent; Hiccup continued to stared down at her before a calm smile crept back on his face as he brushed his thumb under her eyes in an attempted of wiping away her tears, only to smear her blood across her skin.

It was her fault, she had given him permission, she said she loved him, so he struck.

Sorry if it was graphic, I couldn't tell if it was or not.

Anyways, the point of this chapter was to show how Hiccup can fly off the handle that quickly so yeah :3 more Jack in the next chapter, I promise~~

**Thank you germanyusaman1997 for reviewing and everyone else who favorite/followed/actually read this story, you guys are great

:D**

Also, if you guys want to see anything or suggest anything for the upcoming chapter, that would be cool of you, and if I use them I'll give you credit, okay :3

PLEASE REVIEW IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY, IT WILL BE REALLU SUPER NICE OF YOU~

~LMDR

3. Chapter 3

He had just gotten home, tired and beaten down after a long day at school and bullies to see his father's car parked in the driveway; Hiccup knew something was wrong, terribly wrong, because in all the years Stoick had made Hiccup his personal punching bag, he had never, never, came home in the afternoon. The teen's heart plummeted at this, knowing he had done something or something had happen at work, both of which would result Stoick to let his rage out on him through kicks, punches and harsh words. But he know, if he ran away to try and avoid his father, it would only result in a worst punishment, leaving Hiccup with only one option.

Hiccup had reached his front step much faster than he would have liked; twisting the door handle and opened the door, creaking as he closed it behind him and let out a shakily breath before calling out for his father.

He then heard his father's voice from his office before he stepped into the walk, moving closer to Hiccup before stopping only a foot away, large frame looming over Hiccup as eyes narrowed.

The overpowering smell of alcohol hit Hiccup's nose and burned his nostril.

He was on the ground a second later, curled up into a ball, arms wrapped around his head and knees drawn in as sharp kicks, punches and stomps rain down upon him. Hiccup did nothing, biting his lip until he tasted blood as he let out muffled sobs and grunts, his father's heel shooting down and digging deep into his chest, knocking the wind out of him before the man's bear-like fist connected with his face, his vision going black for a moment as his ears rang.

Hiccup remembered coughing out blood, rolling onto his hands and knees as he gasped for air, eye budging as they stared downwards, watching the small pool of blood grew as drops of red fell from his lip.

That was when Hiccup's memory became patching; He remembered his father had stopped beating him only to swear and bombarded with words, he remembered how he mentioned his mother, who had killed herself early in the young teen's life, and blamed him for her death. Hiccup could no longer remember what he said after that, only that it involved his mother, and something in his mind snapped, causing unexplainable anger to build up inside of him.

_He remembered he retaliated with his own harsh, the taste of blood

becoming bitter on his tongue as he spat out the words and before he knew it he was being dragged into the kitchen by his hair, the teen kicking and screaming for him to let go before being dropped onto the kitchen's cold, hard floor, his father growling and snarling as he spoke, fiery glare "I'll kill if you talk back to me like that again, boy" He slurred, foul breath in Hiccup's face as he waved a knife that he had taken from the counter in front of Hiccup's face, grasp lose._

_The man turned away a moment later, knife falling from his slack hand next to Hiccup's feet, his footing off and he stumbled back to his office, mostly likely to drown himself in drink, and muttered "Useless like your mother, glad she's died, wish she took you with 'er" _

That was it.

That was the moment he snapped.

One minute he was on the ground, glaring at the man he hated with new found passion to picking up the knife and jumped at the man, letting out a raged cried as he stabbed the knife down it's his father's shoulder blade, blood spilling out and onto Hiccup's hands and face as the man screamed and stumbled. But Hiccup didn't stop there; he continued to pull the knife out and out of the older man's body, stabbing his father repeatedly as he listened to his screams and cries, blood flowed out of him like a waterfall, staining his clothes and skin.

The man stumbled as his knees buckled and he fell, a hoarse whine passing his lips as a pool of shining red grew beneath him, his eyes dull and lifeless as he let out a wheeze, then nothing.

The house was silent except for the quiet sobs that escaped past Hiccup, who stood over his Father's body, bloody and shaking, eyes wide with fear and confusion as he tried to understand what he had just done. Ever so slowly, Hiccup lifted his knife-wielding hand, staring at the blood drenched blade, his breathing getting loudly as he hands shook more before his vision turned red and his chest tightened, his father's taunt repeated in his head over and over and over again as the blade drop from his grasp and fell onto the floor with a clatter, the noise ringing loudly in Hiccup's ears.

â€|

With a silent gasped and eyes shooting open, Hiccup let out a few breathless pants as green eyes searched his surrounding before he relaxed sight. He was in his bedroom, in his bed, under his blanket, in his apartment; he was fine. But that hadn't been enough for Hiccup, for his body still gave a slight tremble as beads of sweat rolled down his forehead.

As Hiccup turned his head to the side, he felt the wet fabric beneath his cheek and suddenly released the few, small tears that ran down his face, blinking as he became aware of how sore his eyes were. Staring at head with dull, red eyes, Hiccup sighed soundlessly before sitting up, his head spinning slightly at the sudden action before he threw his blanket off and trudged out of his room.

He had always wonder if he had done the right thing that night, if stabbing the man he once called father was the only way out, if his life could have been different, better even, if he hadn't decided enough was enough. The man had abused him, both physically and verbally, since before Hiccup could remember; starting out with small insults and a few slaps across his head before turning into punches, kicks and bitter curses. In his option, the man deserved to die, to suffer and beg and pleaded for mercy just like Hiccup had done, only to have his words thrown right back in his face; Hiccup had always dreamed of someone saving him over the years, but the image of Stoick suffering at the hands of a tall, strong, faceless figure had changed to Hiccup himself holding the bloody knife, looking down at his dying father with nothing more than a bittersweet smile. But they were just images, really, nothing Hiccup worried about, because he wasn't able to do such an act, until he snapped, of course, and then it became real, frighteningly real, beautifully real.

The man suffered, but not enough for the sixteen year old's liking, but what done was done, the man was died, and Hiccup's suffering was over. But he couldn't have forgettable about the police, or the body, or anyone else for that matter. So he ran, grabbed all of his dad's hidden stash of money and left with only a bag full of supplies.

And soon, the police weren't an issue anymore.

THE NEXT MORNING

With a dull headache and a bitter taste in his mouth, Hiccup walked into the empty laundry room, basket filled with dirty clothes in hands as the door closed behind him loudly before he made his way to the back of the room, dropping the basket on top of a machine as he searched his jacket pocket for changed.

Placing the few coins on the machine top next to his, Hiccup turned his attention to his basket before dragging clothes out and dropped them into the mouth of the machine; As his hand grabbed the last thing left, Hiccup pulled it towards him and hesitated, staring down at the blood stained shirt he had worn the night before sighing and dropping it in. Hiccup pushed his hand back into his pocket and checked his watch (haven been too lazy to put it one normally that morning), eyes scanning the digital letters before he set the watch down next to his change, too focused in his own business to hear the sound of the door to the room clicking shut.

"You look like crap" a voice said behind him, making the already sleep-deprived twenty-something year old to jump and spin around, regaining his composure at the sight of Jack.

"What?"

"You like awful" The white haired man smiled, the corners of his mouth twitching slightly.

Hiccup blinked before letting a small smile grow on his lips, shrugging his shoulders carelessly as he turned about around to his machine, picking up his coins and sliding them into the coin slot and he spoke "I feel like it"

"Rough night slept?" Questioned Jack, suddenly, and soundlessly, appearing next to him as he dropped his sack-like bag onto the

machine next to Hiccup's.

Hiccup kept his eyes down as Jack began to load his machine with dirty clothes, his fingers curling around the edge of his basket as he shrugged again "Sort of"

"That's sucks" The older man hummed over the noise over the machine as it started as he closed the lid and slid his coins in, waiting a second before the washer began to vibrate and tremble with a low rattling noise.

Hiccup took a glance at Jack, eyes contacting for a split second before the smaller of the two began to feel uncomfortable "So did you just move it?"

"Oh yeah" Electric blue eyes light up "I moved in about a week last week, took me forever to find something perfect I could afford"

Hiccup chuckled and looked up at Jack through his brown hair that had fallen over his eyes "You know your 'perfect apartment' was previously own by a very large and hairy man who liked to walk around in his underwear all the time?"

"I didn't need to know that, you know" shoulders slouched as he glared at Hiccup lightly.

"Not looking so perfect now, huh?" Hiccup chuckled again at the white haired man's expression.

"Wait, how did you know that?" Jack suddenly questioned, turning confused eyes on the other.

Hiccup rolled his eyes playful and waved him off "I found some of his mail by the mail boxes**[1] **and I decided to give it back to him, it wasn't a welcoming sight" He stuck out his tongue as a joke as Jack bite back a laugh.

Hiccup was surprised how easy it was to talk to Jack, whenever the man talked Hiccup felt relaxed, forgetting about his lack of sleep and the dull ringing in his head from his headache as Jack joked and chatted with him; Hiccup could honestly say that he liked being around Jack, even though this was only their second meeting, the first of which started out with Hiccup falling down. They were cut off when Hiccup's and Jack washing machines stopped, the two quickly pulled their dripping clothes out and threw them into separate dryers before falling back into pointless conversation.

After a while, Jack opened his mouth to continue speaking after Hiccup had finished telling him about his interests only to be cut off by a loud beeping as Hiccup's machine stopped shaking, the lid of the metal box clicking open automatically, soon followed by Jack's machine.

"That was fast" Jack muttered before reaching inside dryer and pulled out his now clean and dry clothes, smiling to himself proudly at his success; Hiccup followed suit and pulled his own clothes out and neatly placed them into his own basket before standing up, lingering for a second as he watched Jack pull his own clothes out and shoving them into his sack basket before gesturing to the door "Oh" Jack

frowned slightly, Hiccup could had sworn he saw disappointment in his eyes for a spilt second "See you later?"

"Sure" Hiccup smiled kindly down at Jack before heading towards the door and leaving the room, the door swinging shut loudly behind him as he disappeared.

The white haired man sighed, eyes dropping and he finished collecting his clothes and swung his bag over his shoulder, about to leave when something caught his eye; Hiccup's watch, which lay on top of the washing machine he had been using.

Jack grinned and snatched the watch up, looking down at it with a wide smile.

[1] - If you don't know what they are, there are small metal boxes with apartment numbers on there next to the main door of the building, so if a person wants their mail they just stick their apartment key in and there you go :3

Sorry if the dream sucks, or Hiccup's thoughts suck, or him and jack; sorry if it all sucked :/ (But hey, 2,000+ is not that bad)

But on a much happier side note, so many reviews *O* Thank you germanyusaman1997, swaggamuffinMooh, Pawii-Chan and DragonDude! ^^ and everyone else who reads this story! You guys are the best~~

ALSO: I need to know who you guys what this to end, like if you want Hiccup to actually fall in love with Jack and regrets what he did or just go insane because he has to kill the first person he really loves? Cause I need to know! :3

Anyways, thanks guys!

~LMDR

4. Chapter 4

Jack hesitated before he knocked on the door again, is frown deepening when there was still no response; Maybe he wasn't home? Jack thought and looked down at the watch in his hands, rolling it in his hand before he sighed, both arms dropping to his side as he turned; ready to walk back to his apartment when he heard footsteps behind him and turned, smiling when he say Hiccup walking towards him, head down, keys rattling as he fiddled with them.

"Hey Hiccup" the brunet lifted his head and smiled back at jack, tilting his head to the side slightly "Hi Jack, what are you doing here?"

"Oh" Jack eyes light up before he lifted his hand, Hiccup's watch dangling from his grasp "You left this in the laundry room"

Hiccup's eyes widened slightly before he smiled, stepping forwards until he was in front of Jack, taking the watch off him, and smiled down at it before looking up at the white haired man "You know, I went looking in there for this about an hour after I left the laundry

room"

Jack tensed up slightly as he tugged on an unsure smile
"Oops?"

Hiccup chuckled and rolled his eyes but offered Jack a smile as he brushed past him and towards his apartment door, fiddling with his keys for a few seconds before pushing his key in. Hiccup paused as peeked through his hair to look at Jack, who watched him, rocking on the balls of his feet before he cleared his throat before Jack spoke "Soâ€|I was wondering if you wanted toâ€|hang out?"

"Hang out?" Hiccup repeated, straightening up at little as he paused.

Jack smile, corners twitching from nervousness - Hiccup noted â€" before he raised his hands and scratched the back on his head "Yeah, like, go for coffee or something?"

"Like a date?" Jack glanced back down at his shoe at Hiccup's question, then at him and shrugged "Well, sort of, yeah"

Hiccup blinked as his thoughts speed up, glancing away from Jack as he thought for a second; Jack was nice, funny even; thought this was their third encounter, Hiccup admitted that he liked Jack, but Hiccup knew, if they did go on a date, it could possibly lead to another, then another, and could even lead to them dating, being in a relationship, but what if things go well? Jack starts to fall for him and soon utter those three awful words; well that would mean Jack would have to die; die at his hands. Hiccup consider this for a moment; normally, he would meet his future victim once or twice with the idea of dating; sometimes then bored him, the more they went out or made he wish for the date to end or to get to the point where they wish they would say these three words; Jack didn't seem like the type of person he would normally pick up, but then again, nothing bad would happen, to him anyways; Jack was just another victim, that was it.

"Sure" Hiccup smiled as Jack grew less tense, a matching smile on his own face as he dropped his arms. Hiccup continued "Why don't you come around here at 4 and we can get some coffee" Hiccup shrugged "or something"

Jack chuckled and nodded "Sure, I'll see you later"

Hiccup smiled before twisting his key and unlocking his door with a clink, giving Jack one last smile before he slipped inside, closing the door behind him.

Hiccup's back met his door, back of his head resting on the wood as he heard the soft sound of Jack's shoe as he walked away, a sigh slipping past his lips before he looked at his watch, still holding in it his hand as the numbers 12:34pm glowed slightly.

Hiccup pushed the thoughts of the white haired man out of his mind as he kicked off his shoe, running his fingers through his hair with an exhausted sigh before he moved towards his cupboard, Jack didn't matter at that moment, and there were much more important things to deal with.

â€|*..FLASHBACKâ€|..**

Hiccup glanced down at his clipboard, pen tip hovering just over the yellow paper as his eyes scanned over the many tools and items of the shelf before looking back down at his clipboard, squibbing something down as heavy doors swung open and closed behind him and a voice called out "Hiccup, my boy"

Said brunet paused and looked back up, turning his head to see his boss and smiled "Hey Gobber"

"Ya got the inventory all checked out?" He asked, limping towards Hiccup, prosthetic tapping on the floor as the tall and wider man stopped in front of Hiccup, who nodded "just finished, actually"

"Great, you can go home now if ya like, I need to close up shop early"

"I can always look after it" Hiccup shrugged "I've done it plenty of times before"

"Nar, you don't need to do that" Gobber waved his hand "Just put ya things away, oh, and I have your pay check, it's in my desk"

"Right" Hiccup nodded, already aware of where his check was, giving Gobber a smile before walking past the blond man and towards the double doors, pushing them open and walked into the large, shopping floor. Hiccup walked past rows and rows of large, metal shelves towards the back room where Gobber's office was, slipping in quietly and walked towards the desk, the TV speaking in the background.

Hiccup walked around the desk, putting his clipboard onto the table top, and pulled the top draw open, picking up the new, white envelop at the top and smiled down at it, about to leave the room with his pay when a picture of a woman flashed onto the TV screen, the news reporter's voice ringing in his ears as he froze in shock.

"â€|_missing two days, her mother called the police this morning when she found her daughter's home empty, police asked both friends and family for any sight of her, but have no clues or leads so far, their best guess is that she ran away; more on that story as it unfolds" _

That woman, the woman he had dated, the woman who told him she loved him, the woman he violently murdered just 48 hours ago. This had happened before, but never so soon, there wasn't even a skeleton yet! But the police had no leads; they had no clues or evidence that it was him, no way of linking him to the murder. Hiccup still couldn't shake the uneasy feeling, wanting to get home as quickly as possible and clean his apartment all over again just out of habit.

And so he left, stuffing the envelop into his pocket, walking quickly out of Gobber's office and outside, ignoring his boss' voice behind him, he turned and walked stiffly down the street to his apartment.

**Sorry for any spelling mistakes, this chapter was hard to write but

I wanted to update on my B-day for you guys but I could only finish it today (but it's only a day late soooo :/)**

Big thanks to Germanyusaman1997, BlueRose1313, SwaggamuffinMooh, TheAngleoflego and DragonDude23! You guys are awesome!

PLEASE NOTE: All suggestions and welcome (and in this cause needed) and I'll give credit where credit is due!

LOVE YOU ALL!

~LMDR

5. Chapter 5

There were no leads; Hiccup ran over every singer moment in his head, every second of every day he spent with her, the images of her smile eyes, the feel of her touch, hearing her laugh, reeling through his mind on repeating, over and over again in a never ending cycle.

No, there was couldn't have been any leads; she didn't have many friends, none of which she was that close enough to tell them about him, she made only mentioned her family with bitter words, Hiccup knew she didn't tell anyone about him. There were no leads, but the news report continue to swirl around in his mind, the report's calming voice drowning out his other thought.

"_Hiccup, are you okay?"_

Hiccup blinked and was shaken out of his thoughts as Jack spoke up, looking at him with a confused frown as he came back to reality, the noise from the other customers in the coffee house they around them growing in his ears "I'm sorry, what?"

"I asked if you were okay, you spaced out for a while" Jack smiled at Hiccup.

Hiccup smiled apologetically and shrugged, scratching the back of his head with one hand as he gripped his coffee with the other, the warmth spreading through his still cold fingers as he shifted in the uncomfortable wooden chair "I'm sorry, I've just been distracted recently"

"It's fine, I get it" Jack's smile never went away; Hiccup wondered if he would ever stop smiling because during the whole time they were together in the coffee house that sat in, his smile hadn't disappeared "Work stuff?"

Hiccup shrugged, looking down at his mug "Kind of, I'm just sort stressed out I guess"

Jack nodded in understanding, sipping his coffee as Hiccup decided to change the subject, to unfocused to talk about himself "What kind of job do you have?"

"I wouldn't really call it a job" Jack glanced away as he spoke "I've got a part time job at this ice ring down town"

Hiccup paused; staring at Jack questioningly as his eyebrow slowly

raised "Anâ€|ice ring?" Out of all the things Jack could have been, Hiccup wasn't expecting an Ice rink would be the white haired man's job, even if this was their third time together.

"Hey, don't go judging yet mister fancy job man, it's not that bad" Jack snapped back lightly with a playful glare, making Hiccup chuckled as he raised his mug, lips pressed against the rim of the cup as he muttered "Yeah, for an ice rink" before sipping his coffee.

"Oh, coming out of your shell by insulting me hm?" Jack pouted "Rude"

Hiccup chuckled into his mug and looked down to the table, looking at the chip wooden of the table top as he set his empty mug down. Jack put his mug next to Hiccup, standing up and offered Hiccup a gentle smile "Shall we go?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and stood up, walking with Jack side by side as they left the coffee house and made their way down the street, Hiccup hugging his jacket close to his body as the cold wind hit his face, Jack didn't seem to mind it as the two walked in silence to their apartment building, Jack making a snarky comment ever now and again that lead Hiccup to say reply sarcastically. Hiccup found himself almost annoyed at how fast they had reached Jack's floor; the taller of the two turn to the other and smiled "This was fun, maybe we could do it again?"

Hiccup smiled slightly and nodded "Sure Jack"

He grinned at Hiccup before coughing and rubbing the back of his head, chuckling "Cool"

They exchanged apartment numbers before Jack said goodbye, smiling at Hiccup sweetly before walking down the hall. As Hiccup made his way up the stairs to his floor and found himself smiling. He liked Jack, more than he expected when agreeing to the date; even though it was only an hour long, Hiccup liked talking to him, it was nice, easily. Hiccup hadn't felt like this after any of his other first dates. Hiccup frowned; he never did, first dates were something he would act as best he could, giving a good impression and acted normal as he could, but with Jack, it didn't feel like an act. Hiccup mentally slapped himself as he stepped into his apartment _'He's a Victim, it won't last long so get out of it'_

I'M SO SORRY THIS IS SO BAD OMFG I COULDN'T WRITE THIS CHAPTER, IT WAS SO HARD SO I'M DOING THIS NOW WITH BAD WRITING AND ALL AND NOW I'M DONE!

Jfc I'm sorry but it was so hard to write and I'm so done D:

I still can't believe that I've gotten so many review, I swear, I thought this story would flop, but it's still early! (and JFC so many follower only shit! *O*)

Big thanks to DragonDude23, Germanyusaman1997 and TheAngelofIego, big hugs for supporting this story!

Please review if you liked it and have a good day (or in this case night) because you guys are all lovely and should be happy~~

I'm off to be so I LOVE YOU ALL!

~LMDR

6. Chapter 6

Jack had called Hiccup two days after their first date, asking him if he wanted to see a movie and Hiccup, who had finally calmed down about the news report days before, agreed, thinking a night out of his apartment would be good. Jack had picked Hiccup up an hour later before the two headed down to the movie theater. Jack had admitted he hadn't have a clue what was on so the two of them stood looking up at the different movies playing for a while, clueless at what to pick.

"I'm not a big Sci-fi fan" Jack muttered, frowning in concentration as he looked over the titles "Anything you see?"

Hiccup shrugged, eyeing the board; he wasn't a big fan of some of the genres, he didn't even watch movies on a daily basis "How about Horror?" Jack suggested, looking at Hiccup.

Hiccup found horror clichÃ© and unrealistic and couldn't enjoy them because of this so he shook his head, saying nothing as Jack returned to look at the board. The two had settled on a comedy, each buying their own tickets before heading inside. The movie was cheesy and slightly predictable, but Hiccup couldn't help but crack a laugh each time Jack leaned closer to him to crack a joke or a witty remark. Hiccup found Jack funnier than the movie.

Gobber allowed Hiccup to have a long lunch a few days later, so, not in the mood to go back home to eat by himself, called Jack up and asked if he was hungry and had met Hiccup up at a nearby restaurant for lunch. They had talked about their jobs, which lead Jack to tell Hiccup everything bad at his job after eating "Kid's parties are the worst though, I always get nervous when all the kids are skating on the ice at once, bumping into each other and falling over, as if they gonna fall through it".

Hiccup smiled at Jack's story, forgetting about the rest of his food as he listened to Jack's stories "That's sweet, Jack, you must really like kids".

Jack cracked a grin "I love them; I'm actually leaning to be a teacher".

"Really?" Hiccup raised an eyebrow as Jack shrugged, a small smile on his face as he pushed his leftover food around his plate "Yeah, I've always wanted to be a teacher and there's this kinder garden a few blocks from out building I'm trying to get a job as a teacher, my friend Aster works there and has been trying to get me an interview".

Hiccup blinked before he grinned "That's great Jack! Does that mean you're going to quit at the ice rink?".

The white haired man shrugged "I'm not sure really, I have to have an interview with the head of the school to see if I'm right, but even

then I'll only be an assistant and I'll only get minimum wage".

"You still get to work with kids though" Hiccup shrugged, making Jack smile and nod "Yeah".

Hiccup insisted on paying for the meal, saying Jack needed to save him money so he can quit the ice rink and become a teacher, leaving a smile on both their faces as they left for work.

Jack came over to Hiccup's apartment on the Friday night, bringing his favorite movie and snacks with him. The two sat side by side at the start of the movie in Hiccup's living room and ended up leaning against each other lightly half way through it and, by the time the movie was over, Jack's hand was holding onto Hiccup's, neither of them had noticed when it happened, but neither minded it. Both Hiccup and Jack were relocated, but Jack left late that night with a small kiss goodnight.

As the days continued, Hiccup found himself growing closer to Jack, finding out more about Jack as they started to meet up after work, either going for coffee or just going for a walk, and soon found himself liking Jack; the man was great company, he could make Hiccup laugh and smile, he could make him relax and open up, and Hiccup knew Jack felt the same, he was always so open, so cheery around him. But deep down, Hiccup was worried, he was worried that he had forgotten what Jack was, that Jack was just another victim, that this wouldn't and couldn't last because he knew he couldn't control himself.

But Hiccup couldn't help but wonder; what if he could control himself.

I feel like this story is a bit slow so here's 3 dates in one chapter, sorry it's short, next will be longer (and more juicer :P)

Big thanks to XxBlackRoseWitch378xX, Germanyusaman1997, Koryandrs, TheAngleoflego, Harry. Potter. Is. BOSS, DragonDude23 and Darkflower123 :D YOU GUYS ARE AMAZING!

LOVE YOU ALL!

~LMDR

7. IMPORTANT AN

A/N: Yaaaaah, hey guys, sorry for no update, it's just that I've only just started to get some free time in between school and family, and I'm really trying to get back to updating my stories regularly, but the reason why I haven't do anything for this story is because I really hate it, like seriously, I'm **_*cringing **_***(Stupid lack of self-esteem, there's a reason I do reread my stories after I publish them n)**_*_.**_

I don't know if it's my lack of inspiration or whatever but I feel like there's a lot to improve with this story so there's a 80% chance I'll redo it with a further look on the characters and story.

**What I need from your guys is to know what you think could be

improved and what/who you want to see (I'll be going more in depth with the story)**

PLUS: I might change the universe they're in, since this is starting to get difficult for me, so I decided to mix it with a collage!AU (something I always wanted to do so hey, why not kill two birds with one stone? Except the birds are people, and the stone is a knife ^-~)

**So please tell me your thoughts and ideas, it would really
really ****help me out ;u;**

LOVE YOU ALL !

~LMDR signing off~

End
file.